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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

How to Burn a Book: A "Front" in Action

FORREST DAVIS

Not Doublethink but Nothink

ALFRED KOHLBERG

Special Issue: Summer Reading

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN
GERHART NIEMEYER · FREDA UTLEY · HARRY SERWER
RICHARD M. WEAVER · EDWARD CASE · ROY CAMPBELL

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

"Man's Inhumanity"—Minority Report

Some observers think that President Eisenhower is at the mercy of his "friends," the mahouts of the Republican elephant. Unless death or Ike himself cuts loose the tie, the Administration bosses will see to his nomination at San Francisco. As one humane correspondent expressed the situation: "It's like the old Spanish custom of sewing up a gored horse and spurring him back into the bull-ring."

Democratic Rally

The Democrats are rallying from the state of muddled political hopelessness that engulfed them for many months. Preliminary field checks indicate that many independent supporters of Eisenhower retain the greatest admiration and sincerest sympathy for the President but now question the advisability of voting for him.

Revival of a Slogan

This time the cry of "part-time President" may be more effective. The coincidence in time of Ike's illness with the visits of Canadian Foreign Minister Lester Pearson and German Chancellor Adenauer is cited as an instance of the critical inefficiency of a government whose Chief Executive is incapacitated for months at a time. Whether the President will be able to confer with Nehru during his scheduled July visit remains in doubt.

Farm Belt Postscript

A correspondent in rural Illinois writes (in part) ". . . the factors which you analyzed in NATIONAL REVIEW (June 6) are precisely similar to those which now obtain in this part of Illinois. . . . Louder than the complaints of the farmer, however, are those of small-town merchants whose volume of sales is at an all-time low. Not since 1946, when equipment was unavailable, have the sales of farm machinery been less than now. . . . As the services of government have been extended, the proportion of real income has been diminished. To illustrate, a quarter-section which was assessed a tax of $200 in 1948 now pays $600. Despite the patent fact that whatever is taken in taxes leaves that much less of the farmer's income for equipment [etc.], the Eisenhower Administration would extend still further the area in which the services of government impinge upon the affairs of the individual. . . . In my running battle with Secretary Benson's Gauleiters, I, too, refused to disclose information in a crop acreage report, but unlike the Florida farmer you mention, I have not yet been thrown into jail. When I was presented Form CSS-578, I asserted a constitutional privilege [Fourth and Ninth Amendments]."

Press Selections

The conventions are still far in the future but the political experts around the National Press Club are making their predictions and, in some cases, backing them with bets. One veteran correspondent has "laid it on the line" that Ike will retire from the race no later than July 20. He is also wagering that neither Eisenhower nor Nixon will be the choice of the GOP at San Francisco. Harriman's stock has risen sharply in the past month, and he is now close to even money. Stevenson's great victory in California did not improve his status in the NPC book. There is little money on him even at eight-to-five; and so far as we can learn, no Kefauver backers are willing to back their choice with hard cash.

For "Must" Read "Maybe"

The White House agenda of legislation looks more like a "maybe" than a "must" list today. With only five or six weeks to go before probable adjournment, Congress has passed but one major bill—the botched and patched-together Farm Act. The highway bill may be adopted before this appears in print, but that makes only two out of an original dozen or more. Some, like the Alaska-Hawaii statehood proposals, are almost forgotten. Other major items on the "must" list, including social security, school aid, the housing and postal-increase bills and the Organization for Trade Cooperation measures are only about half way through the legislative hopper. Foreign aid, the most controversial of all the President's proposals, now faces excellent chances of further deep slashes by the Senate.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

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The WEEK

● The Administration hopes to restore the billion dollars cut from the Foreign Aid Bill by the House, before the measure leaves the Senate. But Senator Richard Russell, Chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, has already warned that he will try to slice another billion from the Foreign Aid appropriations. Senator Russell says he simply sees no reason why the United States should send abroad two billion dollars more this year than last.

● To Secretary of the Air Force Donald A. Quarles the Soviet threat is "infinitely greater" today than ever it was in the past. Mr. Quarles told the graduating class at the Stevens Institute of Technology that the Soviet Union can no longer be regarded as a technologically backward nation: The Communists are now equal to us in scientific and engineering manpower, and in their drive for conquest they are better organized, more powerful, more cynical, and more sophisticated.

● After completing the official Moscow celebration of the Soviet-Yugoslav remarriage, Nikita Khrushchev and Marshal Tito left for an intimate seven-day tour giving them leisure to work on plans for the integration of their respective parties' activities in the tasks that lie ahead. Meanwhile, Secretary Dulles, as Commencement speaker at Iowa State College, declared: "Yugoslavia provides a notable example of national independence in Eastern Europe."

● ". . . Our own experiences have been too bitter and we have seen too clearly the meaning of Communism, the methods it uses and the diabolic skill with which its propaganda operates not to react to the latest events in Moscow with the utmost skepticism." Dr. Konrad Adenauer voiced these somber thoughts at Yale University. He warned the West that the primary goal of the Soviet Union now as in the past is to "smash the mighty protective shield" of NATO and to drive the United States out of Europe.

● Dissenting from the majority determination of the Supreme Court that Congress only authorized the Administration to dismiss security risks whose jobs directly entail "the protection of the nation from in-

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ternal subversion or foreign aggression," Justices Clark, Minton and Reed charged that the ruling "has stricken down the most effective weapon against subversive activity available to the Government." About half of those fired for security reasons by the Eisenhower Administration worked in non-sensitive departments. Some of them may now be reinstated with back pay—unless Congress amends the law to make unmistakable, even to the Supreme Court, its intention to keep *all* security risks out of *all* branches of government.

● Mr. Fred Seaton, whose nomination as Secretary of the Interior was approved by the Senate, ranked higher than any other Republican Senator on the ADA scoreboard for "correct voting" during his brief term as Senator from Nebraska.

● The renomination of Congressman Ralph Gwinn as the Republican candidate for New York's 27th District, gives the lie to the axiom that a brashly conservative candidate cannot win at the polls. While in Congress, Mr. Gwinn has bypassed the public opinion analyses of editorialists and commentators and asked his constitutents what they thought. He has found that a majority oppose federal aid for education, object to government-supported public housing, believe that the government should sell its electric power plants, and consider the farm support program ill-conceived and extravagant. And so, in the words of the *Daily Worker*, Congressman Gwinn accepted their mandate and "chalked up a record consistent with his reactionary philosophy."

● Governor Mennen Williams of Michigan has called a special session of the Michigan State Legislature to consider unemployment payments to the 200,000 workers now idle in the state. Mr. Williams, who hopes to be re-elected this fall, wants to increase unemployment payments to 65 per cent of the worker's base pay and to extend the payment time from twenty-six to thirty-nine weeks. Unemployment payments in Michigan are already higher, on the average, than in any of the other forty-seven states.

● Mr. Henry Ford II and Dr. Robert M. Hutchins have been invited—not subpoenaed—by the House Committee on Un-American Activities to elucidate the activities of their Fund for the Republic. Mr. Ford has already publicly expressed his dissatisfaction with the Fund (but has no influence on this offspring of the Ford Foundation). Dr. Hutchins, however, can be expected to be a revealing though not necessarily cooperative witness.

● The Icelandic Government has handed a formal note to United States Ambassador John Muccio which, in effect, demands the withdrawal of American troops from Iceland and the abandonment of our air base there. At the same time, Iceland reaffirmed its determination to support the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. With what? observers familiar with the fact that Iceland has no army, no navy, no air force, and not a single fort, are asking.

● Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri Spaak has met with experts from five other Western European countries to work out a treaty which will, eventually, establish a common European market. In twelve to fifteen years, its sponsors hope, raw materials, manufactured goods and laborers will be moving throughout Western Europe from the North Sea to the Mediterranean—free from the restrictive influences of tariffs, quotas and work permits. Since the French Assembly has been known to balk at projects of this sort before, the Benelux nations, West Germany and Italy have announced their intention of establishing the common market even if they have to do so without France.

● Stanislaw Mackiewicz fled his native Poland when the Nazis took over in 1939. In 1945, he refused to return to serve as a puppet in the Communist regime. Instead, he served in the Polish Government-in-Exile. But now, after sixteen years of broken Western promises, Mr. Mackiewicz has announced his intention of returning to Poland. He is still an anti-Communist, Mr. Mackiewicz says, but he feels it his duty to return to Poland, there to "counteract dangerous prevarications" by other refugees who give Poles the false impression "that the West wants to help Poland."

● Aneurin Bevan, in a more than usually vitriolic speech, has suggested that Great Britain throw off its American yoke in favor of a Soviet alliance ("this is the biggest single chance of establishing peace with the Soviet Union in our lifetime") and accept at face value the Soviet offer to cancel all future nuclear weapon tests if the West agrees to do the same.

● The *Daily Worker*, official organ of the Communist Party of the United States, has had its say on "the terrible revelations on the crimes committed against innocent people in the Soviet Union during the lifetime and under the inspiration of Joseph Stalin. . . . How then explain our consistent denunciation of many people as 'enemies' of the working class because they condemned these crimes?" Very simply: "We were wrong, terribly wrong." And, in the light of the record, "Is there reason . . . why our fellow Americans should listen now to what we say, and shake our hands in friendship?" Having put this natural enough question, the editors reply with due dialectical modesty: "We say that there is."

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What If He Doesn't *Run?*

The tension the Republican Party finds itself in as the result of the President's most recent illness dramatizes, once again, the acute shortsightedness of its leaders. We have written before about the inclination to Caesarize Mr. Eisenhower. The Republican Party might now have to face one of the undesirable consequences of nurturing a notion—the identification of Republicanism with Mr. Eisenhower—that has been useful for proximate political purposes: What is to be done as the result of the inseparability, in the public mind, of Eisenhower and the Republican Party?

Leonard Hall was asked in Denver last August, even before the President's heart attack, what he would do if Mr. Eisenhower were to decide not to run again. "When I come to that bridge," he answered, "I'll throw myself into the river." And that is precisely what it is left to Mr. Hall, and other engineers of the Republican Party, to do if the President now elects, on the heels of a second major physical setback, to retire. For so devotedly have he and others worked to anthropomorphize in a single human being all the principles and virtues and excuses for the Republican Party, that they cut off their line of retreat. They made no provision against a day that has to come, that may now have come; with the result that Leonard Hall *and* the Republican Party are headed for the river.

Mr. Eisenhower has contributed to this situation—most significantly, by abjuring all theory, and personalizing his leadership of the Party to the point of blurring beyond distinct recognition the principles on which Republicanism rests, resulting in patent difficulties for anyone who would carry on the Eisenhower "program." Mr. Eisenhower became leader of the Republican Party not by succeeding to power within a framework which he had helped to construct, and to which he had professionally devoted himself, but rather as an evangel, swooping down from other worlds and other victories and other preoccupations, come to rescue the Party—from itself. He challenged the credentials of the most obvious leader the Republican Party had developed in a generation; from him and his lieutenants, Mr. Eisenhower snatched the reins of power. Having won a total victory over Senator Taft, General Eisenhower proceeded to court, and subdue, one after another of the old-timers. (Those who resisted, maintaining a stout independence, have been consigned to outer darkness.)

With such skill have he and his associates conducted the movement that it has become quite clear what the Republican Party is *not*: it is *not* the Party of Senator Taft. But beyond establishing that it *is* the Party of Dwight Eisenhower, to do with as he pleases, they have established nothing. Faced now with intimations of the mortality of Dwight Eisenhower, they are left in chaos, the chaos that results from the fact that the very life of the Republican Party as it has come to be understood by millions hangs on the beat of Eisenhower's heart, and the functioning of his digestive tract.

What, then, are we to do if Mr. Eisenhower steps down? That is a subject to which Republicans should give their attention now, even if, as it is expected he will do, Mr. Eisenhower proceeds with his plan to seek re-election. Let us face it as a matter of fact: some day he *will* retire. And it makes sense to take the pains necessary to assure that the apparatus of political dissent from the Democracy of Stevenson, Harriman and Kefauver survive that event. To insure that, we must de-Caesarize Eisenhower, infuse a coherent set of principles into the Republican Party, and permit ourselves to look around, without being made to feel that to do so is to pass our eyes over graven images, for a successor.

Not Good Enough

General Curtis LeMay, chief of the Strategic Air Command, has evidently made up his mind. He has finished with doubletalk, and is determined to tell the truth to Congress and the country. Even for a general—especially for a general—it is a dangerous decision. The precedents of Douglas MacArthur and Orville Anderson will remind him just how dangerous the expression of independent judgment can be.

As Mr. Bozell reported last week in detail, General LeMay testified under oath that the Soviet Union is in the process of gaining air superiority over us. His testimony, moreover, confirms Major de Seversky's analysis, which we published last week. General LeMay has also informed Congress that his Command needs an additional $3.8 billion annually in order to reverse this prospect.

NATIONAL REVIEW has secured independent confirmation of General LeMay's primary thesis. We can state, as a matter not of "interpretation" or opinion but of statistical fact, the following: Given a continuation of the Soviet and United States schedules as now projected, the Soviet Union will achieve strategic air superiority over us sometime in 1958 or 1959. Furthermore (though here, because of the chance of sudden technical breakthroughs, the conclusion must be more speculative), the Soviet Union may be expected to achieve, on the basis of present programs, an intercontinental ballistic missile a year or more before we do.

The Air Force claims that aircraft carriers are worthless, and that the money needed for an adequate air program could be got by a transfer of funds from

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the naval budget. On this issue, we do not feel competent to make a conclusive judgment; but we believe it could be decided if the Pentagon were ordered to assess the evidence objectively and to carry out the relevant experimental tests.

On the simple question of the safety and security of our country, money cannot be a controlling consideration. The country must be protected, and it cannot be protected without strategic air superiority —in bombers today, and missiles tomorrow. If another $3.8 billion is required, then the money must be found. It could easily be raised without adding a penny to the tax load.

For the Administration to argue, as its spokesmen are doing, that American security demands $4.9 billion in aid to *other* countries, and then to oppose $3.8 billion for the most elementary protection of *our own* country, is scandalous. The Administration had better think hard about the matter and recognize that the penny-ante scandals of the Truman Administration are peccadillos by comparison with scandal involving the national security.

Hard as Jello

Governor Harriman is being dressed up as the anti-Communists' candidate for President. It is greatly to his credit that he showed a little premature impatience with Stalin's predatoriness in the forties, though it is regrettable that he did not feel strongly enough about America's capitulations to Stalin to dissociate himself from Roosevelt or Truman.

It is not clear to what extent Mr. Harriman, these days, is indulging in campaign oratory. One looks, therefore, to his actions to determine whether or not he is truly sensitive to the problems of the day. Such an examination is not reassuring.

On the New York State payroll today are two former federal employees whose names figure relevantly in the Senate Internal Security report, *Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments—the Harry Dexter White Papers,* released by the Senate last March.

Dr. Isador Lubin, Governor Harriman's Commissioner of Labor, is a former special Presidential assistant during the Roosevelt Administration, former Commissioner of Labor Statistics, and former U.S. official with the United Nations. The Harry Dexter White papers reveal that Lubin:

—spoke under the auspices of the Friends of the Soviet Union (cited as subversive by the Attorney General); donated to the United American Spanish Aid Committee (cited as subversive by the Attorney General); contributed to the Commonwealth College *Fortnightly* (Commonwealth College was dominated by Communists) and sponsored the American Relief Ship for Spain (a Communist enterprise backed by the North American Committee to Aid the Spanish Democracy, also cited as subversive);

—wrote the State Department Passport Division in behalf of Henry Felix Mins, Sr., who had just finished losing his citizenship. (Mins has been identified by former Soviet Military Intelligence agent Nicholas Dozenberg as a member of the Lydia Stahl espionage apparatus);

—backed (along with known Communist Doxey Wilkerson and pro-Communist Vito Marcantonio) a meeting (July 6, 1939) on behalf of Tom Mooney, twice assigned to the presidium of the Communist Party in the United States.

Of what use is such a man to a hard anti-Communist governor?

Mr. Harriman's Budget Director, Paul H. Appleby, who once served as Under Secretary of Agriculture, once as Assistant Director of the Budget in Washington, is also mentioned in the Harry Dexter White papers, which reveal that he:

—is on record (letter July 14, 1953) as having thought as recently as 1946 that there was no essential difference between the character of the Communist Party as a party and that of our conventional parties;

—warmly recommended Soviet spymaster Gregory Nathan Silvermaster for a government job ("Silvermaster has been under attack by the Dies Committee, I believe principally, or exclusively because he happens to have been born in Russia . . . He is a highly intelligent person and is very close to Harry White and Lauch[lin] Currie . . .");

—was singled out on March 7, 1946 in a memorandum written by J. Anthony Panuch, a State Department administrative officer, which said: "If Dr. [Alger] Hiss should succeed in causing Appleby to be designated as UNO Assistant Secretary General for Administration the Hiss group will have achieved infiltration or control of four critically strategic points . . ."

Is such a man a useful member of an anti-Communist team? Whom does Mr. Harriman propose to retain, if elected, to implement his hard anti-Communist program? No doubt Messrs. Lubin and Appleby will have many suggestions.

Whether you want to visit Madrid or Paris or Rome in September, after the tourist rush is over, or relax for a few weeks in Hawaii or the Virgin Islands, turn to the back cover. You will find the first of the final series of entry blanks, with full instructions. If you start with this issue, you can still get under the wire.

The contest director, by the way, reports that the ballot box is crowded with entries by eminent Liberals. It would be just our luck to send to Biarritz—at our expense—a director of Americans for Democratic Action!

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The THIRD WORLD WAR

JAMES BURNHAM

Strategy at Dead Center

Although the United States has fought many wars, domestic and foreign, its citizens have preferred not to think about them. Our armies in the field, when given unambiguous directives, strike terror to the hearts of friend and foe, but we wish to see ourselves as the most pacifist of peoples. We do not consider acquaintance with military history, geopolitics and strategic principles to be a normal part of a liberal education. We have turned out only a thin supply of serious military literature. This modesty before the military facts of life has a certain charm, but its contribution to national security is doubtful. If more of our leaders had had a little strategy drummed into their heads in school, we would have lost some peace-studded oratory, but the outlook for national security might well be improved.

In response to the cold war's irritations, the production of military literature has rapidly expanded. Specialists in military history and science are being domesticated within the universities, and are writing as well as teaching for a widening audience. Princeton's Center of International Studies is one such locus, from which an excellent volume of essays has recently issued (*Military Policy and National Security,* Princeton University Press, $5.00).

The four collaborators in this book have made what amounts to a critique —restrained, rather academic in manner, but quite thorough too—of the prevailing American strategic doctrine. In the first essay the editor, Professor W. W. Kaufmann, examines "The Requirements of Deterrence." He proves that the Eisenhower strategy of "massive retaliation" through strategic air power, even granted American air superiority, does not guarantee that the Soviet Union will be "deterred."

The threat of massive retaliation is effective only if credible. But "the leaders of the Soviet Union and Red China would hardly endow such a doctrine with much credibility. . . . The course of American foreign policy during the past fifteen or twenty years suggests that it is quite out of character for us to retaliate massively against anyone except in the face of provocations as extreme as Pearl Harbor."

Limited Warfare

Dr. Roger Hilsman, in a survey of "Strategic Doctrines for Nuclear War," and Prof. Kaufmann in two additional essays, discuss the forms of warfare, other than all-out strategic bombing, that are possible in a nuclear age. Prof. Klaus Knorr, in two calm and very able essays, analyzes "Passive Air Defense" and the concept of "Military Potential." Dr. Hilsman has a second essay on "Coalitions and Alliances," and the book is completed by Prof. Gordon Craig's study of the troubles of the new German army.

The four writers are unanimous in their insistence that, in order to safeguard the security of the United States, air superiority is both a) essential and b) insufficient. Unless the Soviet Union should achieve a major technical breakthrough giving a temporary gross advantage, three of them believe all-out bombing to be unlikely. Prof. Knorr rates its probability higher, and therefore reasons that more attention must be paid to defensive plans for dealing with it and its aftermath.

But all agree that wars limited in various ways (as to weapons, extent, objectives) will probably occur in the future as they have been occurring since 1945. And limited wars, even though nuclear weapons may figure in them, will not be decided by intercontinental strategic air power.

The limiting of the probable wars of the future is not only possible but (they hold) desirable. Prof. Kaufmann considers at length the methods by which we can hold wars short of all-out mutual strategic bombing.

Prof. Knorr demonstrates, however, that a war which excluded all-out bombing might nevertheless be on a large and costly scale. Thus, "if one Great Power [the Soviet Union, presumably] remains prepared to fight a major 'near-conventional' war, and attacks another [the United States, presumably] prepared only for nuclear conflict and small engagements, the main prospects are two: a) acceptance of defeat by the attacked power, and b) the threat of 'massive reprisal' by the defeated side." We have already noted that such a threat by the United States is not particularly credible.

Missing Links

Prof. Knorr sums up a central conclusion as follows: "The United States must maintain its offensive and defensive capabilities for [all-out] nuclear war. But these strategic facilities form a highly specialized, indeed a single-purpose, tool which, except as a silent force-in-being, is of no use in limited contests. Hence the United States must also maintain flexible forces ready for immediate defensive action in a great many parts of the world."

But even this addition does not move our strategy off dead center. Granted armament adequate in all categories, what are we going to do with it? Massive retaliation is an inadequate doctrine not only for the technical reasons shown in this book, but because it is wholly defensive, hence negative. Limited warfare is here conceived in the same mode, as Prof. Kaufmann explicitly recognizes: "We effectively surrender the strategic initiative to the enemy by such a policy [of limited warfare]. . . But actually . . . we have conceded this to the enemy . . . ever since 1945."

This is plain enough, but it does not strike Prof. Kaufmann as odd. Neither he nor his colleagues suggest that this is the heart of the matter, that the real problem is to recover the initiative. The only value of all imaginable armament is to back up a national purpose. By their account and in present fact, our purpose is only to absorb whatever blows the enemy delivers at the times and places of his choosing. We decline even to try to advance; therefore our only possible direction of motion is backward.

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Foreign Trends . . . w.s.

Decline and Fall in Rome

Mr. Pietro Nenni (whom this column, at its inception, nominated as the most sinister agent of Europe's decomposition) has almost made it. He has maneuvered Saragat's Right-Wing Socialists into creeping suicide.

Actually, this anti-Communist (and, therefore, anti-Nenni) splinter party has made very handsome progress in Italy's recent municipal elections. But instead of interpreting this success as a mandate to continue, with doubled tenacity, their coalition with the Christian Democrats, the Right-Wing Socialists suddenly lost their courage and entered into truce negotiations with the evil man against whom they had organized their party—Pietro Nenni.

The professed objective of these negotiations is to bring about, not only a "united Socialist front" in crucial Italian cities such as Rome and Milan, but also a joint strategy vis-à-vis the national government. The Right-Wing Socialists, in other words, have undertaken to open the Cabinet doors for Mr. Nenni.

Messrs. Saragat and Nenni have at the moment broken off the formal negotiations. Yet the haggling continues. And Nenni has already obtained what he needed most: the formal acknowledgement of his sworn enemies, the Saragat Socialists, that Nenni *ought* to be in the government. The rest is hardly important.

Saragat, in turn, hopes to pull Nenni away from the Communists—a notion that threw all of Europe's Trojan horses into gales of laughter. It is, of course, entirely possible that Italy's Communist boss, Palmiro Togliatti, has already drafted a statement by which Nenni will swear his total independence from Communism. The Communists' skill for response to tactical challenge has accomplished much greater feats before.

The damage to the Italian Government may be irreparable. Saragat's first (and fatal) advance has virtually blown up the coalition which was based on a mutual determination to keep Nenni out in the cold. And Saragat's loss of nerve has compelled the Christian Democrats to make similar gestures: their recent national conference passed a resolution which politely talked of "conditions" that would make Nenni acceptable.

Behind it all, happily smiling, is Italy's President Gronchi. His political dream ("the opening toward the left") has matured faster than even he dared hope, and certain strange assurances Signor Gronchi received on his recent trip to Washington have persuaded him that Nenni's presence in the government will not terminate U.S. aid to Italy.

So it seems that all obstacles have been removed from Nenni's access to power: Saragat is subservient; the Christian Democrats seem tired beyond repair; Washington is reconciled to the catastrophe; the Communists are more than willing to join the polite death minuet.

Drama in Switzerland

The trial of four young Rumanians in Berne, Switzerland, poses an interesting legal and an even more interesting moral problem.

Driven by a burning desire for freedom, they escaped Red Rumania in 1948—only to discover that the West was increasingly willing to appease the oppressors of their enslaved people. Mr. Olivio Beldeanu (who impresses the Swiss authorities as a man of strong character and the leader of the group) seems unable to comply with the double standards of Western "morality." He is a true peasant by descent and type, and his words and deeds are of the yes-yes, no-no kind. He didn't escape to live in Western comfort, but to fight Communism.

So, on the night of February 14, 1955, Mr. Beldeanu and his three equally dedicated friends took possession of the Red Rumanian Embassy in Berne. Their purpose was to search for conclusive evidence of Red espionage.

Now these four Rumanian patriots stand before a Swiss court, indicted for ten violations of the Swiss criminal code. The excellent Mr. J. Anthony Panuch (former U.S. Assistant Secretary of State), who has just gone to Berne as international counsel to the League of Free Rumanians, raises this fascinating legal point:

> All of the acts alleged in the accusations . . . took place within the premises occupied by the legation of the Communist Government of Rumania in the City of Berne which, under international law, is not subject to the laws of Switzerland or within the jurisdiction of its Courts.

So much for the legal aspects. The moral decision, pressing not only on the Swiss court, is simply whether the free world can continue to talk about the need for heroic resistance against Red occupation, and yet throw young men in the clink the moment they take this talk seriously.

NATIONAL REVIEW hopes to present, in the near future, Mr. Panuch's first-hand observations on what should develop into a *cause célèbre.*

Foreign Aid for Socialism

Mr. T. T. Krishnamachari, India's Minister of Economics, has just granted Dr. F. E. Aschinger, the financial and business editor of the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung,* an interview of unparalleled frankness. Unlike Messrs. Bowles and Paul G. Hoffmann, the lord over India's economy does not believe in semantical sleight of hand. His policies, he told Dr. Aschinger, aim at "the socialist pattern of society" —and not because of any compelling circumstances but because of his "deep-rooted *Weltanschauung.*"

He has long been a Socialist, he said, "in many points close to the views of Aneurin Bevan." The sole efficiency of a free-market economy, said Mr. Krishnamachari, lies in producing private profits. The centrally planned socialist economy, concluded the Indian Minister of Economics, is far better qualified to mobilize and utilize the economic forces of a nation.

It takes unmitigated gall, having just disposed of the free-market economy, to ask from the selfsame "perishing" free-market economy support for India's centrally planned socialist economy. And it takes, in America, the nerve of Liberal doublethinkers to endorse such socialist raids on capitalist reserves as a means of *expanding* the world's free-market area.

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How to Burn a Book

How does a secret Front actually operate? A former editor of the Saturday Evening Post and the Freeman offers documented illumination

FORREST DAVIS

Last April 11, a little conspiratorial gathering of clergy and faithful, to the number of forty, nine-tenths of them women, was held in an upper room of the National Arts Club in Gramercy Square, New York. The National Arts Club, like Edwin Booth's neighboring Players Club, is a relict of the gaslit, brownstone, merchants' New York; an improbable site for a secret consistory calculated to help make over American society in the image of terroristic absolutism.

The gathering, misnamed a forum, only one side being presented, occurred under the auspices of the Religious Freedom Committee in league with the Communist-fronting Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. It had one exigent objective: to defend Communist fronts and hide the light of Communist guile under a bushel by burning a book. Or, more precisely but no less truly, to suppress, to keep from public perusal, a United States Senate document: *The Communist Party of the United States; What It Is, How It Works—A Handbook For Americans,* hereinafter to be called the Handbook.

With dour intensity, the collaborating clergy approached the task of nullifying the constitutional right to publish. They earnestly intended, if humanly possible, to block further dissemination of this 100-page book, not on the technical ground of a problematical "libel" of a dubiously religious organization, the Methodist Federation for Social Action, but because it exposed the nature, techniques and tasks of the fronts which serve Moscow while pretending to be something else.

The arch-priest, if one may so speak, at the book-burning was the Rev. Dr. Harry F. Ward, venerable, eloquent, caustic. A theologian, who has instructed candidates for the Christian ministry at the enormously wealthy Union Theological Seminary in salvation by way of statist good works, Dr. Ward has since 1919 cast a benevolent eye on the Beelzebubs of Bolshevism. He is eighty-three. Benjamin Gitlow, one-time candidate for Vice President on the Communist ticket, characterized Dr. Ward as the "American Red Dean" when identifying him under oath as a pioneer Communist.

Dr. Ward, vowing the political destruction of Sen. James O. Eastland (D., Miss.), Chairman of the Judiciary Committee that published the Handbook, remarked that McCarthy was a "cold-blooded professional, and we finished him, but Eastland is a fanatic."

Among Those Present

In the chair at the "forum" was the Rev. Dr. Guy Emery Shipler, a Protestant Episcopal priest, who has for many years tempered the *Churchman* to what seems good in the eyes of Moscow. The *Churchman* has the prestige that accrues to the fact that it is the country's oldest religious periodical.

Absent but represented was another case-hardened laborer in the vineyards of the Communist fronts, the Rev. William Howard Melish. Mr. Melish has converted the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity on Brooklyn Heights from a sedate refuge of Victorian low churchmanship into a brawling beachhead of the gospel according to St. Karl, St. Vladimir Ilyich and, until just the other day, St. Josef the Georgian.

Mr. Melish, a strapping enthusiast who rejoices in honors bestowed by Communism, was perhaps busied by his quarrel with his bishop and deputized the Rev. Lee H. Ball, a Methodist disciple of Dr. Ward's and treasurer of the Religious Freedom Committee. In the course of the "forum," Dr. Ball expressed gratitude to the United States Supreme Court, saying, "we are glad for all good decisions from the court on the sedition laws." (Dr. Ball also expressed regret that the Religious Freedom Committee had as yet no Catholic members. They had, he said, approached Father George Ford of Corpus Christi Church, who had told them that he was 100 per cent for their objectives, and could name at least one hundred other priests who felt as he did. But he had felt that the state of public opinion precluded his joining the committee openly.)

Also prominent at the meeting was Miss Janice M. Roberts, secretary of the Religious Freedom Committee. Miss Roberts collected contributions at the door to assist the fight to suppress the Handbook. She collected $379. A contributor was Alex Munsell. Mr. Munsell knew from experience the importance of private funds. A recent issue of the pro-Communist weekly, the *National Guardian*, represented him as the treasurer of a fund for the "defense" of Mr. Melish's beachhead at Holy Trinity.

(Mr. Munsell was accorded an opportunity to lift the curtain on the "forum's" suppressionist deliberations by the Senate's Internal Security subcommittee on June 12. Under questioning, he acknowledged having been at the meeting, but testified to an uncertainty concerning the exact nature of the discussion. When asked if he were a member of the Communist Party and had run for city councilman in Baltimore in 1939 as a Communist, he took the Fifth Amendment. Counsel Robert Morris asked concerning his treasurership of the Melish Defense Fund. In response, the witness pleaded the First Amendment, saying that he regarded the question as trenching upon a liberty of religious association. Miss Roberts was present under subpoena. Owing to Senator Arthur Watkins' obligation

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to attend another committee meeting, the hearing was curtailed before Miss Roberts could be questioned.)

The "forum's" proceedings are significant to students of the contemporary effort to subvert American sentiment into acceptance of Moscow's objectives, on two grounds. First, it was there that the inexorable Dr. Ward explicitly outlined a campaign to burn, or extinguish, a book harmful to the Communist conspiracy. A campaign to be conducted through friendly Senators and a Congressman from Ohio. A campaign further to be carried into the federal courts, through the offices of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. Secondly, what was said and done at the "forum" affords a rare insight into the mood, spirit and fidelity and thralldom to the Communist cause of a united front gathering at work.

I give one example of the "forum's" bent. The *National Guardian* in general proclaims the Party line as announced from Moscow. It was, on the testimony of returned American prisoners of war, a tool in the Red Chinese brainwashing of the POWs. It was handed them as testimony to the iniquity of American war aims in Korea and the deplorable state of American society in general. The *National Guardian* approvingly propagated the germ warfare slander. The *National Guardian* was the chosen instrument of Red China in publishing names of POWs unavailable to the Army and international Red Cross. The purpose could only have been to disquiet the families of POWs and sow mistrust of their own military authorities. The editors of the *National Guardian,* James Aronson and John T. McManus, took the Fifth Amendment when questioned by the Internal Security subcommittee concerning Communist affiliations.

Yet the *National Guardian* was repeatedly quoted at the "forum" as, to use a Biblical phrase, "one having authority."

At the time the "forum" met, a request by the Internal Security subcommittee for the statutory concurrence of the House committees involved preparatory to publishing 75,000 additional copies of the Handbook, was pending. The Handbook had appeared in December 1955 in a printing of six thousand. A documented, scholarly exposition of the history, zigzag course and tactics of the American branch of the Communist world conspiracy, it instantly caught the attention of specialists in the Bolshevik phenomenon.

By January, the Handbook bore the earmarks of a best-seller. A number of daily newspapers had serialized it, *U.S. News and World Report* had digested it, and a commercial publisher, The Bookmailer, Inc., had brought out a trade edition. The subcommittee had a large backlog of orders. To fill these orders, the subcommittee put in a routine request that the Public Printer be authorized to issue 75,000 additional copies.

It was to block that request that Dr. Ward advanced on April 11. The House committees had not yet acted, and would not concur until April 23. Hence, Dr. Ward's first thought had been Rep. Wayne L. Hays (D., O.), Chairman of the House Committee on Administration, which might, although the procedure would have been highly irregular, have been persuaded to refuse concurrence.

Congressman Hays has an unique distinction. Singlehandedly, using uproarious tactics, he brought Rep. B. Carroll Reece's (R., Tenn.) inquiry into the uses to which the great foundations put their tax-free incomes down in disorder. But Mr. Hays went to Europe and in his absence, as he reported by postcard to an unidentified person associated with the *National Guardian,* the committee concurred.

The suppressionists, as Dr. Ward reviewed the campaign, would have appealed to Sen. Harley M. Kilgore (D., W. Va.) with hopes of success but, unhappily, Senator Kilgore's death had intervened. Senator Kilgore might have acted to rescind the subcommittee's request to print. Sen. Thomas C. Hennings (D., Mo.) a subcommittee member, might have been "useful," but Senator Hennings, for some reason, no longer answered letters from the suppressionist alliance. Dr. Ward supposed that they might "use" Sen. James McNamara (D., Mich.) but he doubted that Senator McNamara could undo the harm.

The allies, Dr. Ward went on, could continue to "work through" Sen. Herbert H. Lehman (D., N. Y.) and Sen. Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), the only Senators who, as the theologian put it, had "dared" to oppose Senator Eastland's elevation to the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee. On the whole, however, the aged clergyman thought that the last recourse was in the courts. In this judgment he was re-enforced by the lawyers for the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The problem was to find a favorable judge.

Judge Wilkin Obliges

So the wheels revolved, and on May 3 a retired United States District Judge, Robert N. Wilkin, domiciled in Ohio but temporarily sitting as relief judge in the District of Columbia, granted a temporary order restraining the Public Printer and Superintendent of Documents from publishing further copies of the Handbook. The cause, challenging as it did the constitutional right of the Congress to utter as it saw fit, was more than a little astonishing. Judge Wilkin's order would, if upheld, establish a federal court as censor over the Congress. It flagrantly assailed the division of powers.

A neighboring district judge promptly voided the order, but Judge Wilkin, in response to the wishes of the suppressionist coalition, asked for a rehearing by a three-judge statutory court.

The three-man court, consisting of Circuit Judges Henry W. Edgerton and E. Narrett Prettyman with District Judge Wilkin, rejected the petition on May 25. Said Judges Edgerton and Prettyman:

> The premise that the courts may refuse to enforce legislation they think unconstitutional does not support the conclusion that they may censor congressional language they think libelous. We have no more authority to prevent Congress, or a committee, or a public officer, acting at the express direction of Congress, from publishing a document than to prevent them from publishing the *Congressional Record.*

There the enterprise discussed by Dr. Ward at the "forum" rested for the time being. But Judge Wilkin entered a copious dissent, traversing questions of parliamentary privilege in Anglo-American history, which lawyers deduce was constructed for the eyes of the Supreme Court on appeal.

The action was brought for the Methodist Federation for Social Action by Leonard B. Boudin and Harry

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I. Rand, attorneys associated with the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee who have represented witnesses and defendants in matters related to Communist activities. The petition first questioned the constitutional right of Congress to publish anything beyond debates and the proceedings of committees. (The Handbook draws upon committee proceedings but it relies on other sources as well.)

Secondarily, the petition alleged that the so-called Methodist Federation had been libeled by its brief designation on pages 91 and 95 as a Communist "religious front." Further, the complaint noted that the Federation had not been as yet described as a front by the Subversive Activities Control Board. Actually, the Handbook, referring to the Federation only in passing, understated the judgments rendered against it by the California Committee on Un-American Activities and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (Twice the honored Methodist Church has asked the Federation to cease calling itself Methodist.)

Dr. Ward informed the "forum" that "our lawyers and the Emergency Civil Liberty Committee's lawyers have all agreed that the MFSA is the logical one of our organizations to take action against these absurd allegations [in the Handbook] because the MFSA is a religious organization."

So the religious cloak was drawn about the Communist fronts. The true gravamen of the suppressionists touched the issue of libel only glancingly. To Dr. Ward the "danger" in the Handbook consisted in its exposure of the inception, conduct and deceits practiced by the fronts. He objected to the Handbook's declaration (pages 37, 38) that the principal popular appeal of the Communist Party resides in the united front. Dr. Ward, recalling his leadership of united fronts in the 1930s, must think it would be a sad state of affairs if they were now to be discredited in the public mind.

It was for these and similar reasons that the clergy present and Miss Roberts reasoned together and collected funds for the purpose of depriving the people of an opportunity to inform themselves on the insidious aspects of the infiltration of America by a despotic conspiracy. The audience at the "forum," many of whom might have been unaware of the real direction of the proceedings, was drawn into the campaign.

And finally, everyone was instructed to write letters to members of Congress and the newspapers, condemning, in effect, the right to publish—a bastion of the freedom that enabled them freely to assemble in pursuit of a denial of freedom. As for their clerical leaders, one thinks of Earl Browder's unidentified preacher (in *Communism in the United States*) who likened Communists to "angels of God" and to Moses leading the people out of the Wilderness of their fluid, tractable, humane society into the inexpressibly cruel and sterile wasteland ruled by the hierarchs of the Kremlin.

Not Doublethink but Nothink

ALFRED KOHLBERG

A man of affairs, on the wrong end of History, questions his "betters," to the Right, and Left

My first meeting with Chiang Kai-shek took place in his retreat in Shao-shan (Grass Mountain), Formosa, in July 1949. There he lived in retirement, having resigned as President of China six months earlier. American appeasement propaganda had brought Chinese opinion around to the view that peace could be made with Mao Tse-tung—if only Chiang Kai-shek were removed.

During my two days at Shao-shan, the Generalissimo told me through his interpreter, sometime cheer-leader at the University of Michigan, that Communism had made few converts among China's farmers and workers. It had been largely a disease of China's intellectual classes, he said, and was surprised when I assured him that the same was true in the United States.

Many times since then I have wondered whether Chiang Kai-shek and I were not oversimplifying the matter. Is it possible that Communism is not itself a disease of Chinese and American intellectuals, but rather a symptom—one of many—of a more deeply rooted disease? Is it possible that the real trouble is bad intellectual eyesight—resulting from the so-called Social Science "disciplines"? Could it be that the percentage of actual Communists and ardent fellow travelers in our intellectual community is small, but the percentage who cannot get their facts straight, very large?

Two books published in April 1956 —one by a long since recovered ex-Communist, and the other by a non-Communist in praise of an anti-Communist — provide up-to-the-minute examples of this dread disease toward whose cure the Ford Foundation has not, as yet, contributed a nickel.

Facts—and Imagination

Three years ago one of the regular stars of the *New Yorker,* where factual inaccuracy is considered one of the joys of living, did a serious piece for the *Reporter,* where joy is strictly taboo. In this article, a weird mixture of facts and imagination by Richard Rovere, there appeared a paragraph about Cohn, Schine, the American Jewish League Against Communism, Inc., and Rabbi Schultz. As president of the League, I wrote Mr. Rovere quoting his paragraph and, in parentheses, inserting corrections and comments on his statements. His paragraph, with my remarks, then read:

> The story is that last fall a Rabbi Schultz of Yonkers, New York, (Rabbi Schultz is of Manhattan), who runs an organization called the Jewish League Against Communism (The American Jewish League Against Communism, Inc.) sought out the hospitality of the Gulf Stream Hotel (which he has never seen or been in), another Schine Hotel (?) in Miami Beach (which city Rabbi Schultz has never visited to this day), found "Definition of Communism" (which he has never read and never found in any room) in his room, was stunned by its depth of understanding (via osmosis à la

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> Rovere), promptly sought out the author (possibly while sleepwalking) and introduced him to Roy Cohn (which he has never done).

In my letter this paragraph was followed by these words:

> This makes me think that I was remiss last year [when, in another connection, I refused] to apologize for calling you a liar. Maybe you just can't get anything straight. If this is correct, please advise and I will apologize for last year.

Mr. Rovere failed to answer, but, just recently, some of his deathless prose from the *New Yorker,* the *Reporter,* and *Harper's* has been rounded up and issued in a book entitled *Affairs of State 1950-1956: The Eisenhower Years.* The paragraph about Cohn, Schine and Rabbi Schultz is there. It reads (p. 131):

> The story goes that last fall a certain Rabbi Benjamin Schultz, who runs an organization called the American Jewish League against Communism, sought out the hospitality of a Schine hotel in Florida, found "Definition of Communism" alongside the room service menu in his suite, and was so dazzled by its depth of understanding that he sought out the author and introduced him to George Sokolsky, a journalist, who introduced him to Roy Cohn, who was then preparing to go to work for McCarthy and introduced Schine to the Senator, who promptly hired him. That's the story.

If the reader will compare the two versions of this same paragraph, he will see that Rovere has really expended great effort to correct his original version. The story is greatly changed, but, except for *almost* getting the name of our League correctly, he has failed dismally. While we may award him an "A" for effort, we cannot even rack up his shot at the truth as a "near miss." Nevertheless, I do not contend that Rovere proves that no intellectual ever gets anything straight. Skeptics might even contend that he doesn't prove anything at all about run-of-the-mill intellectuals (if they ever run in mills) because, as a member of the Young Communist League (a long time ago), it may be that he was dropped on his head or otherwise permanently damaged.

So let us look at another example —not of one intellectual, but of a whole drawerful. These we find in a NATIONAL REVIEW article of May 2, 1956, by Russell Kirk, right-wing intellectual who defied the lightning on the left (and maybe on the right, too) by attending the Roy Cohn banquet at the Astor just after the Army-McCarthy hearings in 1954. The book reviewed is *A City College in Action,* by Thomas Evans Coulton. The college referred to is Brooklyn College, headed by Dr. Harry D. Gideonse, who, like Kirk and Coulton, is a certified anti-Communist and who wrote the Introduction. These three intellectuals were not dropped on their heads in the Young Communist League or anywhere else. Yet in this instance they suffer from what seems an occupational disease—"can'tgetanythingstraightitis."

The Brooklyn College Professors

Dr. Kirk's article called my attention to something in this otherwise so-easy-to-skip book. He said: "At the same time, he [Dr. Gideonse] has successfully defended his faculty against vague charges of subversive activity, and has dealt the radical right as hard blows as he has dealt the radical left." So here I was, stuck again with a book I could have so greatly enjoyed not reading. But my passion for the truth and my suspicion that "vague charges" and "radical right" had something to do with me, led me on.

And sure enough on page 213 the Coulton book says: ". . . . January 7, 1952 . . . the Joint Committee . . . addressed a letter to . . . the State Assembly and State Senate and released it to the press. It read in part . . ." Insofar as Mr. Coulton quoted the letter his quotations are accurate. He then quoted Dr. Gideonse's reply to that letter, in which Dr. Gideonse makes the error of attributing the letter to Rabbi Schultz, whereas it was signed and sent by me. Mr. Coulton neglected to mention that the short portion of the letter from which he quoted was only the introduction to a 10-page, foolscap size, single-spaced, typewritten list of Communist-front connections of 18 professors and instructors at Brooklyn College. It was Dr. Gideonse's privilege to clear them all, and he exercised that privilege. But Dr. Gideonse's automatic exoneration of the eighteen, and Drs. Kirk and Coulton's approval of his action, both seem to justify my suspicion that the real intellectual disease is not susceptibility to Communism but an inability to get anything straight.

A year after Dr. Gideonse had received my letter, the Internal Security subcommittee of the U.S. Senate called these eighteen members of the Brooklyn College Faculty before it. Seven were ousted by Dr. Gideonse himself for pleading the Fifth Amendment on the question of Communist Party membership. Seven resigned from Brooklyn before testifying, for reasons not made public so far as I could learn. The remaining four are still employed, having denied Communist Party membership. The "hard blow to the radical right" was tempered by this sequel, of which no word has crept into Gideonse's introduction, Coulton's book or Kirk's review.

What Chiang Kai-shek and I didn't know in July 1949 was that many, or maybe most, of the Chinese and American intellectuals who had been beating the drums for Mao Tse-tung and his Democratic Agrarian Reformers were not suffering from an infection of the Communist virus. In 1950, the Chinese intellectuals began escaping from Red China by ones and twos, to the haven of the British Crown Colony of Hong Kong, a haven they had for years been denouncing as a den of imperialism. Though Mao's regime had done nothing in China not previously promised in many lengthy documents and wordy speeches, these intellectuals had found the Marxist paradise a great disappointment.

And so, in their straits, they appealed to Imperialist Britain, to the Imperialist United States, and, of course, to the UN.

Britain gave them refuge, unostentatiously. The U.S. organized ARCI (Aid to Refugee Chinese Intellectuals, Inc.) with a most distinguished Board of Directors. When private subscriptions faltered, the U. S. Government dropped an occasional half million into the pot. The UN gave them nothing, but did refer the matter to a committee.

Chiang Kai-shek and Kohlberg (not incorporated—no relation) referred the matter to the subconscious for deeper consideration. Maybe we shall never get it straight, either.

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ARTS and MANNERS

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Food for Thoughtlessness

Our intellectuals, who live by overstating their case, are currently optimistic about "mass culture." Only yesterday, "mass culture" irresistibly provoked their most vitriolic sermons of doom. Today, they wear moderate serenity.

Sure, there are still some slum areas in TV, in the movies, on the radio, where our certified intelligentsia has not yet obtained full control; and so the John Crosbys will have, for some time to come, enough steam to heat their columns. But the trend (which is what the sociologists call the prevailing perversity of our opinion-makers), the trend is toward a benevolent truce between our Entertainment Industries and Liberaldom.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes, in *The Public Arts* (Simon & Schuster, New York, $3.95), supplies the most reasonable though by no means persuasive rationale for the current zig in Liberal conformity—just as he supplied it, yesterday, for yesterday's zag. Mr. Seldes, an honorable if pedestrian writer, can't help being intelligent. And his well-informed mind occasionally refuses to run on a single track. So that, when he sets (or reports) the current fad, there is always also a marginal crop of keen observations.

In *The Public Arts,* for instance, Mr. Seldes (in a chapter tantalizingly called "The Situations of Edward R. Murrow") has the audacity to find that Mr. Murrow's famous TV attempt at assassinating Senator McCarthy was "not a report" but "the summing-up of a hanging judge." Now anyone else so brazen as to contend that certain moral principles must be observed even in baiting McCarthy would, of course, be forever ostracized by the Liberal intelligentsia. But Mr. Seldes is not. Whence his enviable immunity to the incurable leprosy of "McCarthyism"?

It's an interesting question, and I think I found the answer in Mr. Seldes' interesting book. No matter whether Mr. Seldes chooses to be bearish (*The Great Audience,* 1950) or bullish (*The Public Arts,* 1956) in his—at the moment—definitive views on "mass culture," he always sticks to one axiom: that the certified intelligentsia ought to command the performance. And that does it.

I have always contended that the decisive reason for the sacrificial slaying of McCarthy was his unprecedented nerve in going after certified gentlemen of the Ivy League. You cannot do that in contemporary America. Murder a hoary politician, a boorish businessman, a lousy millionaire; and the ruling intelligentsia will, at worst, smile at the rugged frontier manners of Amercan politics. But if you so much as raise an eyebrow at the holder of a Ph.D., you will never again be invited to Suburbia, where the elite meet to eat.

Now Mr. Seldes will remain acceptable dinner company for the genteel slave-drivers of our mass civilization, simply because he shares the fundamental conformity: that a college degree is a license. And this conformity more than mitigates the few venal sins Mr. Seldes commits in *The Public Arts*—such as occasional spells of fairness, sudden insights into the shallowness of academic literacy, not infrequent premonitions of the doom the intellectual managers of our "mass communications" are preparing. All this won't hurt him a bit. For he makes his daily three bows to the divinity of our age—the educated ass.

Mr. Gilbert Seldes has a fine memory, a good ear for the overtones of "mass culture," and the fortitude to be his dull self. *The Public Arts* displays all these qualities.

As to his fine memory, it may please the nostalgic needs of his fellow middle-aged to recall the movies of the twenties, the broadcasts of the thirties, the inanities of the forties. Still, these are the fifties. So the reader of *The Public Arts,* after grazing a while in the pastures of retirement, wants to know what relevant observations, if any, Mr. Seldes has to offer on the electronic pandemonium of this day.

Well, Mr. Seldes proposes two things. For one, in the face of a total bankruptcy, he advocates a settlement of five cents on the dollar. And this, in more orthodox cases of bankcuptcy, may be a very prudent course to take. But one wonders in this case. For, in this case, it's the bankruptcy of a civilization.

The point Mr. Seldes is driving at is an alleged social need to discard the highbrow's and even the middlebrow's standards, and to rally in the place of all our contemporary misery, "the middle of the road." Just as we are going to political hell on the "middle of the road," just so Mr. Seldes recommends going to cultural hell through a "middleground" alliance between the "creative" and "the public arts."

Now, of course, I do not say that no creative artist must make a buck by writing for TV or drawing for Walt Disney. But I mean to say that all is lost the moment we are willing to write off, for the sake of that "working alliance," the incorruptible standards of excellence.

Secondly, Mr. Seldes suggests that "the managers of all our cultural institutions enter into an open conspiracy to *use* [Mr. Seldes' emphasis!] the public arts to protect our heritage of national culture." And Mr. Seldes recommends an increasing control of our "public arts" by "the rich foundations . . . [which] are, in many cases, already under suspicion of being too intellectual and not patriotic enough, but they can still fight for intelligence and for the kind of patriotism that protects the fundamentals of our national life."

The Fund for the Republic, in short. There is not the shadow of a doubt that Mr. Seldes has no subversive political motives for suggesting the surrender of TV to Dr. Hutchins. Mr. Seldes is authentically naive. Having censored Mr. Murrow for the most blatant political spite in TV's history, he then *dedicates* his book to Mr. Murrow, without whom "life would be less good"!

Being one whose otherwise happy sentiments about life are occasionally violated by Mr. Murrow's con-man baritone and his skin-deep sophistication, I have decided to use my copy of *The Public Arts* as a door-stopper. It's just about dense enough.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Works of the Mind

Back in the dear, dead days beyond recall when I was a professor, one of my colleagues showed to me an examination paper which I have long thought marvelously illustrative of the sad reality that lies behind our boasts of how we are conferring the higher learning upon the great masses. My colleague had set his students (this was a university, mind you) this test: "Describe Egyptian sculpture."

The essay he received from one of his average students (better than some of the answers) was pithy and memorable. I do not reproduce the misspellings, but otherwise I quote verbatim, and in full: "Egyptian sculpture was mostly horizontal, they all had that oriental look." End of essay.

In the course of a year, I visit fifty or sixty college and university campuses, and I do assure you that such essays are taken for granted in a great many of our ivied halls. I am heartened, therefore, to be able to give a different report on a university I never have happened to visit—St. John's University, on Long Island. I judge St. John's by its published works; and I am mightily impressed.

For one thing, I have just received a copy of *Past and Present,* an historical journal published by the undergraduates (yes, I said *undergraduates*) of St. John's, handsomely printed and containing some very sound and well-written articles. It would do credit to the students of any ancient European university.

The faculty of St. John's University are scholars; and I mean scholars. A recent book edited by Father Carl W. Grindel, professor of Philosophy at St. John's, *Concept of Freedom* (512 pp., Regnery, $10.00), is a work of learning and sound style. The fifteen contributors to this volume are St. John's professors. Surely there are few richly-subsidized state universities or richly-endowed old private universities in this country that could turn out a book so coherent and intelligent as this.

This volume's authors never forget that every liberty is married to some duty; they are no Jacobins. In passing, let me observe that the Department of Education at St. John's is remarkably sound, to judge by the essay "Freedom and Education," written by Daniel C. Sullivan, professor of education in the Graduate School. So some day I shall have a look at St. John's University. I think that institution is bound to leave its mark, to our general benefit, on the rising generation. I should even take pleasure in reading St. John's essays on Egyptian sculpture.

I pass now to a very different book: John F. Cramer's and George S. Browne's *Contemporary Education: a Comparative Study of National Systems* (637 pp., Harcourt, Brace, $9.00) This is a concise and interesting handbook, concerned principally with the organization of all levels of education in the United States, Britain, France, Australia, Canada, Germany, Japan and Russia.

The authors (Mr. Cramer is president of Portland State College and Mr. Browne is dean of the school of education at the University of Melbourne, in Australia) also touch occasionally upon educational theory. They endeavor, often with success, to treat impartially of controversial subjects. The two chapters on Soviet education are frank and clear. Now and then, nevertheless, a note of naiveté or of prejudice creeps in, as in their digression praising the welfare state in Britain: "The Conservative government which succeeded it [the Labor government], while upholding the necessity of retaining individual enterprise for the capitalist class, found itself obliged to continue a system which envisaged material prosperity for the whole people"—etc., etc. I never was aware that Conservatives were opposed to material prosperity for the whole people.

There are some other quotable specimens reflecting the Deweyite orthodoxy with which these authors are tinged—though, on the whole, they are moderate and tolerant. One other, however, I cannot refrain from noticing: "The principal aim of the public school system in the United States is preparation for citizenship. This is not the main objective of schools in many other countries." Well, I am not a very cheerful man, but I still hope that a great many people in America believe that we have an objective in our schools higher than citizenship-training: That is, the belief that the great end of education is the elevation of the mind of the individual human person, for the individual human person's own sake.

The discussion of the American attempt to recast the Japanese educational system is important; I wish it were longer. Though the authors generally seem to sympathize with that attempt of ours (which I take to have been arrogant and unfortunate), they do respect much in Japanese tradition, and are not afraid to say so: "Both Bushido and Shinto, with their basic ideas of loyalty, obedience, courtesy, and reverence for elders, also produced a national charm of demeanor, particularly noticeable in Japanese children and women, which it is hoped the new system will neither discard nor destroy." Yet they quote without disapproval a directive issued to Japanese teachers under the American aegis:

> In the old system the teacher is the taskmaster and main figure: in the new system he is a guide and counsellor giving good lessons, but also helping to organize activity programs. . . . The old class-rooms had formal desks set in fixed rows; the newer ones have tables and chairs arranged informally for group activity.

Yes, this is what we tried to force on the Japanese: these fatuous doctrines of Progressivism which every teacher who wants to keep his sanity has abandoned, long since, here in America. The Japanese, I understand, are now proceeding to get rid of this silliness. Prewar Japanese education had its faults, but disorder and gross ignorance were not among them. If we had had our way, Xipangu would now be proclaiming that Egyptian sculpture was mostly horizontal, and that they all had that occidental look.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Mr. Mumford's Fixation

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Lewis Mumford has studied Utopias for so many years that he can't drop the habit of pushing everything to Utopian extremes. His *The Transformations of Man* (Harper, $3.50) is another contribution to a literature which demands, just for a starter, that everybody jump a mile-wide river at once. The mean-spirited will naturally object that Mumford wants everyone to be like Mumford; others will credit him with a good will that rises superior to curtains, whether they be made of iron, bamboo or merely good democratic cellophane.

In *The Transformations of Man* the Mumford proposition starts off from the incontestable thesis that man is no longer an ape-like creature with arms that reach to the ground. But Mumford quickly jumps to the conclusion that a mere technological imperative can force a biological mutation that will make man something other than the contentious hellion he has been for lo! these many centuries. Briefly, Mumford offers an "either-or": either humanity will perish in a hydrogen-plutonium holocaust, or it will win through, by peaceable maneuver, to the millennial epoch of One World man.

Like Henry Luce or Owen Glendower, Mumford presumes to call spirits from the vasty deep. But will they come trooping out of the mists to the call? Since other "either-or" proponents are currently busy summoning forth other spirits, the traffic in mutations is apt to become pretty crowded. There are, for example, the prophets who insist on the "either-or" that foresees a final decision between Washington and Moscow. And there are the prophets who talk of a showdown between the principles of voluntary association and compulsory collectivism. Maybe all the prophets are talking, ultimately, about the same thing: a world that will abide in peace once the contemporary Gordian knot of frustration is severed. But I find that any projection of a struggle into millennial terms is unprofitable: it keeps one from jumping brooks in the here and now, before one can grow grasshopper legs.

Mumford protests, of course, that his One Worldism includes every conceivable diversity: he is for regionalism, for individualism, for eccentricity, and for apple orchards that contain something besides the ubiquitous Macintosh. But just what his politics are I cannot for the life of me make out. Does he want the tax rate of Idaho set in permanent deference to Peiping or the dwellers by Ganges-side? What, in short, would Mumford surrender to gain peace? Here the categories become so nebulous that it is possible to read anything or everything into his book.

On one page it is even possible to judge that Utopia was practically here in 1913, when one could travel the world without bothering with visas or blocked currencies or the possibility that one might be seized and clamped into durance vile pending an investigation of one's security credentials. But on other pages it is quite apparent that Mumford isn't one to accord many real virtues to "classic" capitalism: he wants a "life" economy, not a "money" economy. Will the "life" economy use money as a token of free selectivity? Mumford says nothing on this score precisely, which means that he says nothing of any importance at all.

Lewis Mumford

Regardless of detail, Mumford gets himself caught in a logical trap on his main issue. If the necessary human "mutation" occurs on Mumfordian schedule, man won't need to bother about the terms of international organization: the mutation itself will be a guarantee of peace. If, on the other hand, the mutation doesn't come off, a One World structure would soon collapse in civil strife on a planetary scale. So, while waiting for the mutation — or the "transformation" — what are we to do? We can try to perfect ourselves as individuals, which we knew already, or we can work for limited objectives in limited arenas, which we knew already, too. If the sum total of such efforts is peace, then a hypostatized One World is irrelevant. If the sum total is war, the irrelevance is so obvious that one should blush to mention it.

Mumford's addiction to the sweeping imperative, the all-inclusive category, the dramatic "either-or" confrontation, has become so ingrained that it keeps him from looking freshly at the world around him. It dulls his sensitivity and it puts blinders on his eyes. He says flatly, for example, that the motor car is depriving America of the use of its leg muscles. But how does this statement tally with the spread of roller and ice skating addicts? How does it check with the fact that the bicycle business is booming? How is it consistent with the dance studios of Mr. Arthur Murray or the nation-wide

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craze for square dancing? How does it reckon with ski slopes in Vermont, or with swimming pools in Hollywood? (After all, one does use one's legs in swimming.) And how does it fit in with the willingness of the middle-aged golfer to tramp up hill and down dale following the flight of the little white ball? No, the American is most assuredly not losing the use of his legs; he has simply discovered that walking is merely one exercise among many. And the motor car has been a prime agent in abetting this startling discovery.

Mumford is still talking about the "machine" as men talked about it in the 1920's, when it was assumed that the workings of mechanism must somehow carry over into the workings of the human personality on a universal scale. Because the machine demands uniformity, it was assumed that men would become uniform, too. But it hasn't worked out that way at all. In Henry Ford's day, all Ford cars were black; now they make one dizzy with their clashing, sometimes exceedingly discordant, colors. In the twenties, boys wore their pants short and men wore them long. Now the roles are frequently reversed. As for the women, they wear pants of all sorts, both actually and symbolically. And moving up above the waistline, what about Mr. Harry Truman's shirts? Are they the evidence of a "conforming" personality? Ask Margaret or Bess.

Mumford is worried about the impact of the motion picture, the television screen and the comic book. Since there isn't genius enough to feed Hollywood, the big broadcasting studios and the publishers, he has a point there. But if mechanism spreads bad taste, it can also spread good. When I watch a teen-ager repairing his own Hi-fi for an evening that runs all the way from Benny Goodman's clarinet to Mozart and Beethoven, I can only say that Leonardo da Vinci lived in an age that lacked at least a few of the possibilities of 1956.

Mumford wishes to see people break out from their "fixation in permanent roles, vocational and moral," which bring about an "arrest of life itself." The wish is a good one. But there is less "fixation" today than there was yesterday, and there will probably be still less tomorrow. And while wishes are being passed about, I would like to see Mumford break out from his own particular fixation of Utopian prophet. After all, what can be more narrow and constricting than that?

The UN Failure

World Peace by Covenant, by Franklin L. Maier. 142 pp. New York: Exposition Press. $3.00

The author of this book, an Ohio lawyer, is a man of strong conservative leanings. With respect to the UN, he fears a socialist revolution by international agreement, abhors world government, distrusts the conduct of U.S. security policies under UN collective auspices, favors the Bricker Amendment, and worships the sovereign United States of America. But his study of the UN winds up with a recommendation that we "continue to support the United Nations until something better may be devised," set up a world law and an agency to enforce it, and create a reliable structure of world peace. These latter positions reveal a set of ideals that seem to belie the first-mentioned set. I like my coffee hot and my highball cold, and I prefer my conservatives conservative. Let us, by all means, have the benefit of political debate, but a debate between clear-cut positions of meaningful difference, if you please!

Mr. Maier praises the UN for being the "town-meeting of the world," a "clearing house for the common efforts of freedom-loving nations," and a means of "exposing the inadequacies of systems other than ours." The UN "furnishes the best medium now available," he believes, for "mirroring world neighborhood affairs, particularly those threatening world security." Some wires must have crossed somewhere. First, these findings are incorrect. A town-meeting is an assembly of neighbors discussing problems of common life, but the UN in the present situation is the scene of a gigantic propaganda battle. It gives voice and vote to bitter attacks on the principal Western nations. It magnifies and exacerbates the numerous frictions among non-Communist countries. It is a place of ruthless power politics, which are waged with the methods of parliamentary assemblies but without the modifying and uniting influence of an overriding common purpose.

Secondly, the institution makes sense only from the point of view of the original intention: to serve as the framework for a new and evolving pattern of international relations, a pattern that would take the place of the old power politics. The idea was to remove the concern of nations for their own security and replace it with trust in the international community. Measured by that yardstick, the UN's failure is nothing less than complete.

No partial accomplishment can offset that failure. What the UN has done in the field of child welfare or health or legal codification simply has no bearing on its main purpose, because the category of utility or welfare service is different from that of comprehensive political order. Either there is, or there is not, a changed pattern of international relations. Actually, there is not, and we today have the United Nations minus the result that was its main purpose. It is a big and imposing structure, and cannot come down without a tremendous crash, which we are unwilling to risk. We therefore face the problem of what to do with the structure, and how to utilize it as best we can. This problem, however, should not be considered in such terms as "town-meeting of the world," "world security," "world law," etc., which are concepts pertaining to the hoped-for pattern of international relations that the United Nations has *not* brought about.

This is where Mr. Maier failed to keep his internal communications clear. Nor can he be let off lightly, since unlike so many other writers on the UN he is under no illusion as to why it has failed to change world politics. The reason is *not*—as is often alleged—the wicked Russian veto, or the selfishness of the old-fashioned European. Mr. Maier, in a penetrating phrase, puts his finger on the crucial spot: "... the guts of power is missing. It must remain missing so long as mankind's highest political ideal is national sovereignty . . . Those who have achieved it want to keep it: those who are denied it demand it. It is our political god."

Here then, we have a fundamental reality: the consistent desires of by

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far the greatest part of mankind. People are in the habit of wishing to live under laws made by their own kind of rulers, and of being unwilling to submit to alien dictation. This is a fact of universal experience. If our conservative instincts are to serve us, let us remember that the benefits of law, government, common good, justice, freedom, cannot be attained if we stray too far from empirical political realities like that which Mr. Maier so clearly perceives.

GERHART NIEMEYER

Shoddy Propaganda

Cross-Currents, by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein, 382 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company. $4.00

Cross-Currents pretends to be "an important, carefully documented and shocking exposé of international political anti-Semitism during the last decade." But it is not a tract on anti-Semitism at all; though it *uses* anti-Semitism—by direct accusation as well as subtle implication—*to smear people who are not Liberals.*

It is, by its authors' own confession, unscrupulous in its use of documentation: "The story we tell you is constructed from a very large number of memoranda which actually repose in the files of the ADL (Anti-Defamation League) . . . . The book's memoranda are not exact copies . . . . Descriptive background was *added* . . . . language was *edited* . . . . In some correspondence, names were *changed.*"

In other words, this is propaganda —justifiably perhaps, since anti-Semitism is deplorable, but propaganda all the same.

And the authors have remembered the one great axiom of wily propaganda: truth must not be allowed to stand in your way; but if a particular truth serves the interests of progaganda, it is more than welcome.

Throughout the book, for instance, there is not a single reference to the anti-Semitic activities of Communists. Instead, there is this lame apology: "Since we are writing upon the uses of anti-Semitism as a political weapon, it is well to note here an important omission from the book—the situation behind the Iron Curtain." And an attempt to divert attention from Soviet tyranny to czarist autocracy: "It should not be forgotten that political anti-Semitism in modern times was largely a Russian invention. The czar's minions worked up a pogrom every time there was need for diverting the people from the corruption or failures or excesses of the regime."

Part One of *Cross-Currents* is called "The Anti - Eisenhower Crusade." The same old-time Jew-baiters are paraded, the Gerald Smiths and the Winrods. Some of their brash statements are quoted, and they certainly are incontinent. But the gross and stale shenanigans of the Smiths and Winrods are pretty clearly recorded in order to smear people whose sincere political beliefs are not acceptable to the ADL and other Liberals. The virulent quotes from Gerald Smith are followed by not so virulent quotes from somebody else; and these are followed by quotes that contain not one iota of anti-Semitism; but they all are lumped together in the hope that the reader will not differentiate.

In its reporting of America First, The Nationalist Convention, The Constitution Party, and For America, the book slants over rather obliquely. Great care is taken to include the names of the good and the bad, so that the good will suffer from association with the bad. Congressman Gwinn (R., N.Y.) and former Congressman Buffett (R., Neb.) are obliquely smeared for having attended such and such organization meetings. Senators Byrd and Jenner are tarred because they were given a vote of confidence or offered third party nominations. General MacArthur gets the worst drubbing. The authors constantly refer to the demands made by "hate" groups that the General lead a third party ticket; and the impression is left with the reader that nobody wants MacArthur except "the enemies of democracy."

Because George Foster stated at a meeting of the Constitution Party (August 30, 1952), "We have formed a political party dedicated to the principles of the Constitution," the Constitution Party comes in for rough manhandling. Certain alleged "riffraff" attended the meeting, and so the authors comment: "At this meeting the following candidates were endorsed: MacArthur for president; Senator Byrd for vice president; Senators McCarthy and Jenner; Representative Kennedy of Massachusets for senator . . . . General MacArthur could not be reached for comment." And five pages later the General is still getting a going-over: "MacArthur, though he refused to dignify them even by bothering to disclaim their nomination, may have unwittingly, and probably [*sic*] unwillingly given them a respectability in the very use of his name."

There are two case histories, the Fort Monmouth and the Chasnow cases. Thirty-eight of forty-two men suspended at Fort Monmouth were indeed Jews; and the authors harp on the "arithmetic": such a large number of Jews *must* mean "anti-Semitism." But none is proven, and no attempt is made to prove any. Not one shred of evidence is adduced, for example, to show that anti-Semitism was behind the suspension of Abraham Chasnow by the Navy in 1954. All we are told is that "the five Jews, including Chasnow, who live in Greenbelt and worked at the Hydrographic Office have all had security difficulties; while none of the eight non-Jews who reside in the same town and are employed in the same office has been disturbed or even investigated," and that, anyway, "the more serious accusation against Chasnow is that he has been an active leader of a radical group in Greenbelt." (Chasnow, we must note, was finally cleared by the Navy.) In short, neither in the Monmouth nor in the Chasnow case have the authors done more than *allege* anti-Semitism—as, to be sure, they themselves finally admit.

The intent of Messrs. Forster and Epstein is graphically indicated in their comment on the formation of For America, whose "stated aims" the authors list as follows: "save America . . . restore and uphold the Constitution . . . for states rights . . . . against supernationalism, giving away our money and one worldism." These, the authors add like true propagandists, "*are familiar reactionary scare words,*" thus making reactionaries out of George Washington and other Founding Fathers. And one gathers that the authors wish to conclude that if you are an isolationist, an advocate of the Bricker Amendment, and an adherent of the Constitution, you are ipso facto an anti-Semite.

It is my opinion that *Cross-Currents* is a book that will embarrass Jews

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who are proud of their cultural integrity and American heritage. It is a book that will feed the flames of the crackpot professional Jew-haters. It may even cause some of the so-called "reactionaries" to think: "If the ADL can be so anti-Semitic as to publish such shoddy propaganda, why can't we be anti-Semitic also?"

HARRY SERWER

Counsel of Despair

Russia and America: Dangers and Prospects, by Henry L. Roberts. 251 pp. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.50

A better title for this book would have been *The Begged Question.* On every issue discussed it stands foursquare on every side. By cancelling out the "pro" arguments against the "con," and by stressing the dangers inherent in *any* positive course of action, it provides for the early demise of freedom through inertia, irresolution, wishful thinking and fear.

Among the "experts" gathered together by the Council of Foreign Relations "to identify policies and actions to provide conditions for peace," there must surely have been at least one maverick, with real knowledge of the nature and aims of the Soviet Power, and with the mental and moral courage to face up to the choice before us. If so, this unknown hero's voice is continually drowned out by that of the appeasers, ignoramuses and Micawbers, whose idea of the best way to meet the Communist menace is to hope that something will turn up to somehow dispel the danger.

Mr. Henry Roberts, who wrote this literary expression of the Lowest Common Multiple of the collective intelligence of Ford-subsidized Wise Men, is a past master at the art of Doubletalk and Doublethink. He admits that time is working on the side of the Communist world, and even that it aims at our destruction and that of freedom everywhere in the world. Experience, he recognizes, has shown that "a non-provocative policy seems to prompt the Communists to make cheap gains." But instead of drawing any logical conclusions from these premises, Mr. Roberts warns us not to use our present, still superior strength and influence in any way that might "arouse Communist vigor against us."

Even acts short of war he rules out —for example, encouraging the enslaved peoples by helping the Resistance forces. Instead he urges us to pursue policies calculated to assure the Communist tyrants that they have nothing to fear because we want peace—and above all peace of mind—at almost any price. He professes to believe, to be sure, that we can and should keep the fires of hope of liberation burning, but we must do so "without raising any false hopes of easy or military solutions." And as if this were not enough to cause despair among the satellite and Russian and Chinese peoples, he adds that "although any reasonable American would be happy to see major detachments from the Soviet bloc," these must be brought about "without the threat of force." Yet he concedes that "in giving up the threat of possible military pressure against the Soviet bloc, the United States would put itself at a serious disadvantage." (Why? Because the Communists would know "that we would not use force except in meeting attack," while we do not know that they would not.) This "disadvantage," however, he regards as "unavoidable."

Again and again Mr. Roberts, together with the chairman of the project, John J. McCloy (whose Introduction urges us to do as much business as possible with the Soviet Empire and China) base optimistic predictions on frightening data, and set aside the lessons of recent history. If American policy, they insist, is "non-provocative and non-interventionist," we can hope for "a gradual dimunition of the dynamism and hostility of the Soviet regime." The bear, in other words, will behave like a lamb if only we assure him that he has nothing to fear but himself.

The author of this Council of Foreign Relations book makes Hamlet seem resolute. At least the Prince did not kid himself as to the choice before him, or pretend there was an easy way out. Mr. Roberts and his colleagues agree with him that we must not take arms against our sea of troubles, and by opposing end them, but cannot bring themselves to face the consequences of the alternative line of policy. These Senator Knowland has admirably described as surrender on the installment plan.

FREDA UTLEY

Pluckiest of Three

Passionate Search: A Life of Charlotte Bronte, by Margaret Crompton. 252 pp. New York: David McKay Company. $3.95

Literature as a family product is fairly uncommon, writers of any quality at all usually coming one to a household. Anthony Trollope and his mother, *les frères* Goncourt, Papa Dumas *et fils* are probably the best-known lesser lights. Henry, William and Alice James are certainly the most spectacular American instance. But for the most dramatic and poignant family group in the whole corpus of literary biography, we always come back to Anne, Emily and Charlotte Bronte, the novel-writing daughters of an Anglo-Irish clergyman who lived, yearned and scribbled on the Yorkshire moors a little over one hundred years ago.

Their mother had died when they were infants. Their home was a chilly, curtainless parsonage with rain-dark gravestones under the windows. The winters were long and bitter, their health was poor, and besides their cantankerous father, they had to attend the morose ego of a frustrated, gin-drinking brother, Branwell. Yet their shared childhood was golden. They all had that quality of imagination that inhabits but is never limited by the flesh; and so they spent most of their time in elaborately furnished daydreams where beauty, gallantry and high purpose flourished as freely as heather in the spring.

It was only as they grew up that they really began to suffer. For then outer, drabber worlds began to impinge. Their father had very little money, and one by one they had to hire themselves out as governesses. Anne, the shyest, and Emily, the wildest, capitulated very quickly, returning home to publish one novel each, pseudonymously and at their own expense, and then die of consumption. Branwell followed them, and Charlotte, the pluckiest, struggled on; endured loneliness, abortive love, rejected manuscripts until finally, at thirty-two, *Jane Eyre* brought her five hundred pounds and immediate notoriety.

Characteristically, though, Charlotte did not thrive on being lionized. Fame, in her case, was not the spur.

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After a few sorties into Thackeray's elegant London, she returned to Yorkshire, and even when she was married, less than a year before her death, it was to her father's curate. I sense a moral here, about the necessary place of aloneness in any creative life. But with so many young writers today chattily holed up in college English departments, it would not be polite to press it.

Nor, I suppose, is it very polite to point out how busily those same English departments in the past few decades have been using literature for their own professional purposes, until, if you read their "definitive studies" and "annotated editions," you begin to think of our greatest poets as well-regulated guildsmen instead of the underground outlaws they actually are. Margaret Crompton, I'm glad to report, is of that not quite extinct breed of biographer who still writes because she loves her subject, and not because she has her eye on an associate professorship in the groves of academe.

ROBERT PHELPS

Informed and Urbane

Ivory Towers in the Market Place, by John P. Dyer. 205 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.00

Whether the world should come to the college or the college should come to the world has long been an issue in the theory of education. The extensive growth of the evening college in America indicates that higher education is in fact drifting toward the market place. The Association of University Evening Colleges now has one hundred members. More than a quarter of a million students are in attendance, and if one adds to this figure the number enrolled at extension centers, the total is considerably larger. Everyone admits that the new arrival is a member of the educational family, but no one knows exactly where to place him at the table.

In this book Professor John P. Dyer, Dean of University College at Tulane, chronicles the history and discusses the main problems of the new type of institution.

The evening college student body is highly heterogeneous. Its typical member is a person who has been out of the regular channels of education anywhere from five to thirty years. The motives of those who attend are even more varied, if that is possible, than those of the hordes in residence at our state universities. Some come to get clearly defined vocational training, with job improvement in view. Others come from no other cause than

a vague feeling that "more education would be good for me." The records show, however, that evening college products do about as well as those of the regular institutions when they go on for graduate work.

The author makes a special point of the fact that the evening college's clientele, despite its variety in other respects, comes very largely from the white-collar class. And since this class occupies a strategic station in the modern social organization, what their college does for these students may be important out of proportion to their numbers.

The question here as elsewhere comes down to whether the institution ought to give them what they want or think they want, or what they ought to have. This involves, of course, the old debate between vocational and liberal education. Professor Dyer is educational statesman enough to believe that evening colleges have responsibility for adult education of the broader kind. The white-collar worker in particular, he feels, needs to be lifted above his "stereotyped experiences." But Dyer also believes that "the evening college must devise ways and means of prying open the minds of all its students." His suggestions here are tentative, but they point in the right direction.

Professor Dyer is at his best when he writes with his own mind, and at his worst when he falls back, as he too often does, upon the authority of sociological pundits. But on balance the book is recommended as an informed and urbane study of this recent outgrowth of our mammoth educational system.

RICHARD. M. WEAVER

Train-Window Insight

Background to Bitterness, by Henry Gibbs. 255 pp. New York: Philosophical Library. $4.75

Mr. Gibbs' book on South Africa is an interpretative history which purports to bring the elements of its present political and racial struggles into their true perspective.

No one can understand South African affairs without a thorough knowledge of the Afrikaans language and its very considerable literature, which includes some of the best poetry of modern times, and a speaking acquaintance with at least one of the native languages, of which Zulu is perhaps the most ornamental, useful, and widely spread. Train-window insight into South African affairs blurs what is nearest at hand, leaving the distance unobscured. Mr. Gibbs' judgment improves, accordingly, as it recedes into the past, and deteriorates as it approaches recent, present, or future events.

The first thing that every train-window observer of South Africa does is to talk about the "color question," "the problem of black and white," and to assume that an answer or a satisfactory solution must exist. Usually, indeed, he has a solution of his own, if only the notion that a reversal of present policies would improve matters.

Actually, there are only three possible solutions to the South African impasse, the best of which is not only completely unsatisfactory but also reprehensible: 1) *laisser faire,* which would endanger European civilization in South Africa; 2) apartheid, which is a cul-de-sac, with no horizon; and 3) total freedom and miscegenation—which would mean an inevitable return to South Africa's bloody past, and invite the Russians to a walkover once the massacre was over.

Mr. Gibbs suffers from that psychosis which dominates the attitude of the so-called "intellectuals," with whom charity, or rather altruism, instead of "beginning at home," begins as far away as possible, preferably abroad.

In point of fact, the situation in South Africa has vastly improved since the days of Field Marshal Smuts, whom Mr. Gibbs hero-worships. Smuts, as every South African knows,

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was in his element when he was shooting down an unarmed religious sect, or ferociously bombing a native village which had complained about a dog-tax—actions of which the kindly, much maligned Malan would be utterly incapable.

The situation has deteriorated only in so far as the comparatively superficial matter of legislation is concerned; from a human point of view it has vastly improved. I was astounded, after thirty years of exile, to find myself being doctored on the same platform in the Putermaritzburg Town Hall last year with hundreds of colored students, who were receiving degrees along with Indians, Zulus, and Cape Colored who were equally applauded by whites, Indians, "coloreds," and natives, and to discover all races sharing the sidewalk equally. Such things were impossible forty years ago. Mr. Gibbs' greatest mistake is to underrate the Boers' understanding of the native character. Mau Mau would be impossible in the Union, because the Boers are not so stupid as the Colonial Office. They would never bring about such a state of affairs as that in Kenya to begin with; but if they did, they would know how to handle it. ROY CAMPBELL

Not Flimsy or Inflated

The Imperial Intellect: a Study of Newman's Educational Ideal, by A. Dwight Culler. 327 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.00

A distinguished European scholar, now a professor at an American university, recently read Professor W. E. Hocking's *Experiment in Education;* and, pleased and surprised, he remarked that this was the first book by an American professor that had come to his attention which reflected the liberal culture and profound understanding characteristic of the best European scholarship. Well, some other good serious books have come from American writers in recent years, also; but not enough; and very few indeed in the field called education. The heavy and pretentious style of most American books touching upon the theory or practice of education is balanced, through a grim law of compensation, by their flimsy and inflated contents. University presses have done more than their share in this degradation of style and subject.

So it is heartening to come upon a really good book about a really important subject. Mr. Culler's *The Imperial Intellect* is a work of genuine scholarship, illuminated by the higher imagination and a lucid style. I need scarcely add that Mr. Culler is not a professor of education, but of English (at the University of Illinois). This is a book which could almost work a revolution in schools of pedagogy, if the professors there would condescend to read it — which I suppose they won't.

To understand intimately the reflections of a great mind and the character of a great man is to take to oneself something of his nobility; and Professor Culler knows Newman through and through. Also he brings to the study of Newman a strong critical intellect and a remarkably comprehensive knowledge of modern philosophy and literature. No such thorough and sympathetic study of Newman's own imperial intellect has been written before. The book will, accordingly, bear several readings. It casts light upon the half-forgotten controversies of Newman's era, making them interesting afresh; and it is full of meaning in our troubled generation, so befuddled about the first principles of the higher learning. The chapter called "The Man of Philosophic Habit" is especially timely.

> For there are two elements, Newman was accustomed to say, which go into every educational institution, the element of discipline or law and the element of influence. Influence is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other, and Newman considered this to be the heart of the educational process. It was his own mode of working, and it was what he necessarily depended on almost exclusively in the early days of the university. But law—the element of system and organization—was also important. Law took over where influence failed, supported influence in moments of weakness, steadied her and guided her, helped her transcend herself, provided her with a form which she could seldom fill completely but which she would always be striving to fill as completely as she could. Law was petrified influence, the deposit or encrustation of many individual influences, and although normally it was the product of centuries, for a university which had no past, it had to be manufactured *de novo*.

How feeble the educational theories of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer now seem by the side of John Henry Newman's achievement! Newman's "Idea of a University," and his other essays on higher education, are the most important contribution to educational theory in the English language. Only people who have not read his books will venture to maintain that Cardinal Newman's ideas do not apply to American thought and society. This impressive new book ought to do much to restore a general consciousness among us of Newman's genius, which transcends national frontiers and doctrinal barriers.

RUSSELL KIRK

How It Was

The Cross of Iron, by Willi Heinrich. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. 456 pp. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.50

At once a scandal and a critical success in its native Germany, this novel fully merited translation into English as a sturdy contribution to the small body of worth-while fiction that has been inspired by World War Two.

It is easy to understand why its objective picture of the Wehrmacht scandalized the traditionally-minded Germans, and even easier to understand the book's wide popularity. It is alive with passions and exciting action, while the author himself is dispassionate. He writes of heroism without heroics, of human evil without bitterness. He tells a story that is far removed from the commonplace, day-by-day realism of many military chronicles; a story that may be fairly described as sensational, but is solidly grounded in knowledge of the subject in hand, painfully acquired from 1941 to 1945 on the Eastern front (where Heinrich was wounded five times and, in victory and defeat, marched over some 8,000 miles of Russian soil).

The year is 1943. The Germans are clinging desperately to the Kuban bridgehead, backed up against the Kerch Strait, which joins the Sea of Azov to the Black Sea, and are threatened by an encirclement that will prove a greater catastrophe than the loss of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad.

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The rank and file of the veterans have long since ceased to believe in ultimate victory, and the recent replacements have known nothing but retreat.

Neither Wagnerian heroes nor sadistic beasts nor mindless robots, these German soldiers are trapped in a world they never made, and are concerned only with survival. As a major puts it, explaining to an unsympathetic captain why the plight of their troops is worse than that of their enemies: "Our men no longer have any ideals. They're not fighting for world freedom or for the culture of the West. They're not fighting for the kind of government they want. They're fighting for nothing but their naked lives, for their bedeviled, unfortunate flesh."

The military narrative of *The Cross of Iron* goes forward on four levels—platoon, company, battalion, regiment—and intertwined with the larger story is a private drama of clashing wills, courage, cowardice, ambition, hatred and murder. The action revolves around the brooding, somewhat enigmatic figure of Steiner, a platoon leader of infinite resourcefulness, and the more nearly stock figure of Stransky, an East Prussian Junker who finds in Steiner an obstacle that must be removed at all costs. Supporting these two principal actors are the men of Steiner's platoon, a homosexual adjutant, the sympathetic major quoted above, two competent company commanders, and a regimental commander who is both a philosopher and an excellent soldier.

These characters are all adequate to the purpose they are asked to serve, but narrative rather than character is the author's forte. He is at his best in his battle-pieces (the Russian attack on a thirty-mile front, the German storming of a factory), and in his accounts of how Steiner managed to lead his platoon through the Russian lines, how Zoll died in horrible agony, and how Steiner made use of his two-week furlough in the Crimea. Best of all is the novel's compelling, comprehensive power of conviction. Willi Heinrich, who knows in every fiber of his being what it was like to live through Hitler's disastrous Russian campaign, has been able to make his readers say to themselves: "Yes, this is the way it must have been."

BEN RAY REDMAN

A Book List

The following are among the books published during 1956 that seem to us worth reading:

NOVELS

The Mandarins, by Simone de Beauvoir. World. $6.00

Tender Victory, by Taylor Caldwell. McGraw-Hill $3.95

The Malefactors, by Caroline Gordon. Harcourt, Brace. $3.95

The Cross of Iron, by Willi Heinrich. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.50

The Patent Leather Thumping Shoes, by Lucille Hooper. Caxton Printers, Ltd. $3.50

H. M. S. Ulysses, by Alistair MacLean. Doubleday. $3.95

The Man With Three Faces, by Hans-Otto Meissner. Rinehart. $3.50

Ten North Frederick, by John O'Hara. Random. $3.95

Boon Island, by Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday. $3.75

Island In The Sun, by Alec Waugh. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.95

BIOGRAPHY

Henry James. The autobiographical volumes, edited by Frederick W. Dupee. Criterion. $7.50

Thoreau of Walden, by Henry Beetle Hough. Simon & Schuster. $4.00

Surprised by Joy, by C. S. Lewis. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50

Freud, by Richard L. Schoenwald. Knopf. $4.00

MacArthur: His Rendezvous With History, by Maj. Gen. Courtney Whitney. Knopf. $6.75

HISTORY AND POLITICS

The Truman Scandals, by Jules Abels. Regnery. $3.75

Who Knows Better Must Say So, by Rabbi Elmer Berger. Bookmailer. $2.00

The Birth of Britain, by Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead. $6.00

The Right to Know, by Kent Cooper. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.00

The Presidency Today, by Edward S. Corwin. N. Y. Univ. Press. $3.00

Gestapo—Instrument of Tyranny, by Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $3.75

The Theme Is Freedom, by John Dos Passos. Dodd, Mead. $3.50

20 July, by Constantine Fitz-Gibbon. Norton. $3.75

Return to Power: A Report on the New Germany, by Alistair Horne. Praeger. $6.00

Brainwashing, by Edward Hunter. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $3.75

Violent Truce, by Cmdr. Elmo H. Hutchison. Devin-Adair. $3.50

Nixon, by Ralph de Toledano. Holt. $3.00

The Power Elite, by C. Wright Mills. Oxford. $6.00

Six Keys to the Soviet System, by Bertram D. Wolfe. Beacon. $3.75

The Communist Party of the USA. Complete Senate Committee Report. Bookmailer. $1.00

MISCELLANEOUS

Evenings With the Orchestra, by Hector Berlioz. Knopf. $6.00

Secret of the Hittites, by C. W. Ceram. Knopf. $5.00

Number: The Language of Science, by Tobias Dantzig. Anchor. $0.95

Retreat From Learning, by Joan Dunn. McKay. $3.00

Wonderful World of Mathematics, by Lancelot Thomas Hogben. Garden City. $2.95

Minority Report, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $3.95

Good Behavior, by Harold Nicolson. Doubleday. $4.00

An Introduction to Economic Reasoning, by M. A. Robinson and others. Brookings Institute. $3.00

Social Security, by Dillard Stokes. Regnery. $4.00

Red, Black, Blond and Olive, by Edmund Wilson. Oxford. $6.75

FROM THE LIBERAL MACHINE

The Case for Modern Man, by Charles Frankel. Harper. $3.50

The Ford Foundation, by Dwight MacDonald. Reynal. $3.50

The American Presidency, by Clinton Rossiter. Harcourt, Brace. $2.95

Affairs of State: the Eisenhower Years, by Richard Rovere. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.50

Memoirs: Years of Trial and Hope, by Harry S. Truman. Doubleday. $5.00

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A Reviewer's Second Thoughts

EDWARD CASE

When I question why I am a book critic I remind myself of the catfish and am justified. Mostly the book critic delves in obscure depths and subsists on trash. But occasionally he is rewarded.

For example, there was *The Cave and the Rock* (Morrow) which was published by Raoul C. Faure a couple of years ago. If I had to pick the most profound, original and beautiful book I have ever reviewed, this would be it. As an allegory for our times it surpasses in power, intelligence and poetry anything by Orwell, and makes even Swift look slow.

The theme was imaginative and witty—the story of a race of lizards who were yet lizards and not men in the form of lizards, and of one bewildered male named Frut, who plumbed the fastnesses of freedom and authority—but between the unlit cave of the current critical mind and the hard rock of public indifference Mr. Faure's book suffered the fate of Injun Joe.

Then there was a most remarkable first novel by Alan Harrington entitled *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto* (Knopf). Published last year, it was one of the most brilliant and inventive pieces of fiction in recent history. A satire against some of the foolish things in American life, it is a book which all individualists can rejoice in. But there was the danger, which I expressed elsewhere, that Mr. Harrington's book might be taken up by the Liberal left intellectuals who, when they are not unanimously signing the same declarations, voting the same tickets, reading the same quarterlies, drinking the same martinis and thinking the same brave thoughts, are unanimously screaming that the conformist lowbrows are trying to make them part their hair the wrong way. This did not happen, because Mr. Harrington is not a university professor or a southern bellwether; so the lofty-minded did not notice his book. But I have just read an enthusiastic appreciation of *The Revelations of Dr. Modesto* in the last chapter of John W. Aldridge's *In Search of Heresy*, subtitled *American Literature in an Age of Conformity* (McGraw-Hill), so my fears may be realized.

There is inept philosophizing and bad prose in Mr. Aldridge's book, but there are also things which suggest a mind capable of self-examination and growth; there is a note of integrity and ardor, a kind of honesty which suggests the capacity to adjust error.

The merit of *In Search of Heresy* is Mr. Aldridge's attack on the professor as creative writer, and his keen demonstration of what the professorial cliques are doing to the vitality of creative writing in America. Mr. Aldridge, who is a professor himself, is on the verge of understanding that the real comformists are the intellectuals themselves, who have made devils in their own images.

There have been a few other books which kept this fish's head under water in recent times. I have not mentioned the fiction of Joyce Cary because anyone who reads English should know it by now, though it is not fashionable to talk about Cary just yet.

I might have mentioned, also, the charming, richly humorous and delicate novels of the Indian writer, R. K. Narayan. And only a few weeks ago I read a book called *The Road* (Reynal) by a Swedish writer named Harry Martinson, a book almost unclassifiable in form, being about tramps, hence a picaresque novel, yet at the same time a symbolic morality, a set of sketches, a poetic rhapsody and a sustained critique of modern society—a difficult, intriguing, multi-leveled, many-meaningful work, the product of extraordinary talent if I have ever encountered it.

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Pioneer Woman

Hannah Fowler, by Janice Holt Giles. 312 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75

Once upon a time America became the land of the free because it was already the home of the brave. How brave they were is reflected in this story of a Kentucky pioneer woman who took the dangers and privations of the wilderness with fortitude, and its beauties and riches with joy. Urbanites (sub, ex, and plain) should find it instructive as well as entertaining to read how this frontier wife, when six months with child, is kidnapped by two Indians, whom she outwits (one she has to kill, with considerable compunction but little hesitation), then rides two nights and days without dismounting to regain the chimney and the doorstone of home.

A neurotic generation will say that the dauntless simplicity of Hannah Fowler is unrealistic, and indeed it seems probable that even the purest frontier settlement involved a strain of sophistication that Mrs. Giles omits. After all, Franklin and Jefferson, among others, could converse with either Kentuckians or Parisians. Henry Clay was forty-three years old when Daniel Boone died. The republic was not built by simpletons, and it was not built exclusively by simple folk. But it was not built by neurotics either. Courage and loyalty were the common denominator of the various pioneers. Today it seems to be widely felt that to be brave is at best quaint and at worst undemocratic. If that is really the national mood, then of course we shall soon think of freedom as a deviation, and avoid it as we do other extremes.

But that may not really be the national mood. In any case it is not Mrs. Giles' mood, for if it were she could not have written *Hannah Fowler.*

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Important Note: The fifth and last (E) series of entry blanks must be mailed on or before August 1, 1956. "D" series blanks must be postmarked on or before July 15, 1956. No entry postmarked later can be considered.

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When properly filled out and submitted together with complete entry blanks E-2, E-3 and E-4, this will constitute an official entry to NATIONAL REVIEW'S "Pick the Candidates!" contest, subject to the contest rules. Address your entry to "Pick the Candidates!" Room 202, 211 East 37th St., New York 16, N. Y.

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